

THE DAILY JOURNAL.

O. CLEMENS, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

THURSDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 15, 1893.

TERMS OF THE DAILY JOURNAL.

In Advance, \$5 for six months.

We are authorized to announce O. G. STRONG a candidate for CITY MARSHAL at the approaching November election.

To Advertisers.

All transient advertisements must invariably be paid in advance. Persons will please remember this fact and govern themselves accordingly.

As the friends and opponents of the Maine Law question have had a fair opportunity to define their position and make corrections of misapprehensions, all further articles upon that subject at present will be respectfully declined. For party opinions on this or on political subjects the editor *pro tem* declines to be held responsible, as it is merely his object to give friendly assistance to Mr. CLEMENS during a press of business.

D. EMERSON.

Rev. G. S. WEAVER.—Will preach at the Christian Church this Thursday evening at early candle light.

A Life of Literature.

A life of literature is not a life of ease. The gentleman or the farmer who sends his dullest son to College because he is fit for nothing else, commits a deplorable mistake. Although there is an excitement and a species of pleasure in literary labors, yet that excitement is of the most wearing kind. Others have confessed, with the German poet Schiller, that the only pleasure they ever knew was in manual labor.

Neither is a literary life one, ordinarily, of emolument. Occasionally, indeed, an author may hit the public vein, and draw into his coffers Californian treasures. More especially is this the case with those who deal in light reading, in novels, or in school books that become popular. But your genuine author is generally poor. While he toils for others, and sows for others, others reap. The catalogue of distinguished authors and benefactors of their race is a catalogue, full indeed of shining names, but also full of names doomed to neglect and penury. In the literary world the froth has too often swum and glittered upon the surface, the solid worth has sunk in obscurity to the bottom. And how many professional men, after spending a large sum, and toiling many years to prepare for their professions, then spend bright talents in a most laborious, but, to themselves, most profitless toil. How many editors, coining pleasure and profit to their readers out of the very marrow of their brains, are also obliged to spend the solemn hours of night over their desks, setting up the type and printing the lines that are to greet their fellow citizens when they start refreshed from the gentle slumbers that wed them to their pillows. Yet a literary life is not without its pleasures. The intellectual joys of knowledge are many and great. They are also enduring. They afford to the mind a stimulus, high and pure. They give it food for its meditations by day and its dreams by night. They keep its possessor from low and degrading pleasures. They strengthen the mind for stronger labors. They remain after the joys of sense have palled and faded away, to flow in rivers of freshness and verdure over the soul.

It is also not without its honors. Almost all honor is the fruit of intellectual greatness, or intellectual labor. It is true, the hero often wades to lofty destination through seas of blood. But almost all military heroes, even, have been strong minded men. Philip of Macedon, and Alexander, Cyrus and Caesar, Napoleon and Wellington, Charles XII and the Czar Peter, Frederick the great and Washington, indeed almost all the men of martial note, were also men of distinguished mind, and many of them distinguished for intellectual labors. But literary culture and literary pursuits are, in their very nature, the paths best fitted to wake the slumbering mind from its lethargy, fill it with stores of useful information, and plume it for its loftiest flights. The path of literary and professional life, is also a path strewn with honors; a bright galaxy, a milky way, burning with clustering stars of superior magnitude and infinite numbers. The walks of Philosophy, Astronomy, Chemistry, Mathematics, and the professions of law, divinity, and medicine, as well as the Statesman's

career, show to us a long train stupendous for magnitude and distinguished for splendor.

Nor is it without its usefulness. All those great discoveries which lighten the toil and alleviate the lot of the mass of mankind have sprung from the laborious experiments and the deep meditations of scientific men of every class.—And every class of laborers, and men of every calling in life, are benefitted by their improvements. From their labors, also, comes the skill that heals in diseases, the learning and the art that rescues justice from the grasp of oppression, and the divine power to enlist the attention of sinful souls, and woo them to their best good.

Nor is it still, either, altogether without profit. Sound knowledge, although it will not always coin for its possessor a splendid fortune, yet, when combined with good sense and judgment, will give him the surest guaranty of a competent and respectable support. It is frequently, also, a source of a large income. The successful Engineer, Physician, Lawyer, or other educated professional man, often rises to eminence and fortune. "Knowledge is power," and knowledge is wealth;—wealth to some one if not to its discoverer, yet at least to him who puts it to the best practical advantage. To be the most useful, as well as the safest, and most pleasant, knowledge must be fortified with good morals. Then, it is the duty of every parent to labor to give it to his child, and the duty of every youth to labor to possess it.

THE SEASON.

The earth this season is blessed. The crops produce abundantly. Every species of grain except wheat, is abundant; and wheat is very fair in quality and moderate in quantity. All kinds of fruit abound to excess. If anything, the harvest is too golden—its products too plentiful. However, the multiplied occupations of our land, and the wants of other lands make a vast demand, and the fast multiplying means of access to market are everywhere bringing a market to the farmers' doors. Now they see the value of rail roads, and other internal improvements, in giving every man an outlet for his surplus products, and in equalizing the market by conveying particular products from regions where they abound, to regions where they are scarce.

ITEMS.

The yellow fever was on Shipboard in Boston Harbor on the 1st inst.

The cars are now running on the Chicago and Rock Island Railroad 12 miles from Peru.

The amount received by the Howard Association of New Orleans, for the relief of sufferers by the yellow fever, has reached the sum of 170 thousand dollars.

English papers state that the Marquis of Tressdale has succeeded perfectly in working ploughs by steam power.

Private letters by the last Steamers from the leading Bankers in London and Paris, express the conviction that the danger of war from the complication of the Eastern question has passed away.

The House of Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church is in session at Camden, New Jersey, for the purpose of examining charges preferred against Bishop Doane of that Diocese.

The St. Louis Land Court is now fully organized, the officers elected last month having been sworn in. Its first term will open on the first Monday of October next.

Table Rock at Niagara Falls gone.—Early on the 9th inst. what was left of the Table Rock fell with a tremendous crash. The projecting rock is now all gone.

Lola Montez has quarrelled with her new husband because he was jealous of a violinist "from whom she had received some polite attention." The husband raised a row, and was kicked out of the house.

A German living in Quincy killed his wife a few days since, by beating her with a stick.

They are going to commence a railroad from Dubuque, Iowa, to the Pacific. The Tribune says that twenty-five or thirty miles of this road, west from Dubuque, will be in running order in less than a year from the first of January next. These Dubuquers are awful braggarts, but we hope they will keep their promise.

Mr. O. Clemens, Editor of the Hannibal Journal.

Sir: if Levi Westfall, J. D. Dowling and A. G. Gano, will consent to be our candidates at the approaching Municipal election, they will not only be voted for, but will be elected Councilmen for the third ward. Believing as we do that the next board of Councilmen (by all means) should be composed of sound, practical business men, we solicit the three to represent our interests, and at the same time we believe them to be unbiassed and unprejudiced, in the small things constantly presented to such a body. We earnestly solicit them to become candidates.

VOTERS OF THE 3d WARD.

TEMPERANCE MEETING.—The next regular meeting of the Hannibal City Liquor Law Reform Association will be held in the Christian Church next Tuesday Evening, 20th inst. Rev. Mr. Phillips will address the meeting. The public generally are invited to attend.

NEW PAPER.—We have received the first number of an ably edited and handsomely printed paper, called the "Central Missourian," printed at Boonville, Mo., and a bold, outspoken advocate of the Maine Liquor Law. Published weekly by Benj. F. Buie, at \$1 50 per annum. C.

A State temperance convention of persons friendly to a prohibitory law is called in the Central Missourian, to be held at Boonville on the 3d, 4th, 5th and 6th of October next, during the exhibition of the State Agricultural Fair. Arrangements suitable for the occasion are to be made. C.

A "Maine Liquor Law Association" has been organized in Boonville. C.

FRIENDSHIP.

The management of this choicest jewel of life needs to be of the nicest kind. A friend is a treasure; a real friend, a golden one. Such an one is not won lightly, nor is he lightly to be lost, yet a trifle may lose him:—neglect, abuse, betrayal of confidence, too great familiarity—No; not a trifle, for a true friend is not lost by a trifle; neither are these trifles. In the article of friendship, they are high misdemeanors, grave offences, real and serious grievances. A Crystal Palace is not made for stones. Friendship is a Crystal Palace; clear, bright, pure, alas! and brittle. Smite too rudely upon the inviting surface, and it falls in fragments at your feet.

Polliteness, mutual exchange of benefits, frequent intercourse, trustworthiness, above all, sincerity; these are the endearing bonds of friendship.

A friend is not to be treated rudely, or his intimacy abused, because he is a friend. This only shows but a poor estimate of you, and awakens disgust.

"He that hails you, Tom, or Jack,
"And proves by thumping on your back,
"His sense of your great merit,
"One had need
"Be very much his friend indeed,
"To pardon or to bear it."

True friendship is also too greatly taxed by allowing the benefits conferred by one side to pass unrequited or unacknowledged by the other. The willing benefactor must not be too heavily charged. Often, a smile or thanks give an adequate, and full return, according to the circumstances. And it is often a truer mark of friendship to receive than to refuse, even when you have nothing but thanks to repay.

Frequent intercourse, of the right kind, keeps friendship to its proper edge. The intercourse of friend with friend, of minister and people, of teacher and parents, of one part of the Union with another, and of continent with continent, is useful to remove prejudice, to create confidence, to establish relations for mutual advantage, and to cement the whole together for their best good.

Trustworthiness is all important. The violation of confidence between friends is outrageous; that is, unless confidence is abused to bad ends. A leaky vessel is always a bad one, and the person who allows the confided secrets of his friend's affairs or feelings to leak from him into the publicity of an unfeeling and disinterested world, will soon be left without a

friend.

Sincerity—this is friendship's essence, and that jewel's brightest side. It is that which makes its heart, its surface, its whole. True sincerity will control all its other ingredients and form them aright. And he who knows the value of a friend will labor to prove himself sincere. True friends are not so plenty in this world, nor so cheap, as to be thoughtlessly thrown away. He who has true friends, and has also a heart, will wear them upon that heart's inside. Nor is any friend to be despised. A dog is not too mean, and may sometime serve you a useful turn. But the wise and the good are friends above all price, and their friendship is the highest compliment that can be paid to you.

Herr Alexander will exhibit at the City Hall, this evening.

We suggest to the Courier, the propriety of going into mourning for the deceased liquor shops, as there is now not one in the city. The Marshal has not for some time taken up a man for drunkenness. We saw but one or two drunken men the day of the show, and there were more people in town that day, than ever known before, except at the railroad convention, two years ago. Last Saturday large numbers of Irish Railroad laborers were paid off, and as far as we can ascertain there was not one fight, or any one drunk.

Let the Courier drape its columns in mourning for this terrible state of society—civil war, ruin and desolation, loss of liberty, the Union, glorious stars, &c. C.

The country editors throughout Illinois are much exercised in mind relative to Barnum's Menagerie. Their principal ground of complaint is, that there were not so many monkeys and elephants by one-third as the advertisement led them to expect.

The Whole World's Temperance Convention assembled at Metropolitan Hall, New York. Horace Greeley, Chas. C. Burleigh, Mary Jackson of England, and Rev. Antoinette L. Brown, made addresses in the forenoon, and songs were sung by the Amphians, assisted by Miss Fanny Wilder, of Boston. The afternoon was devoted to social gathering. Among the evening speakers were P. T. Barnum and Lucy Stone.

On the upward trip of the Ben Campbell to Keokuk, Mrs. SNYDER, a lady passenger was found dead in her state room, having died of hemorrhage of the lungs. The deceased had but a short time before eat her supper in apparent good health. She leaves a husband and family opposite this city in or near Illinoistown. —[Intelligencer.

A GOOD STORY.

In one of the interior towns of this State, Herr Alexander, the magician, put up for a night at the principal hotel, and in the morning, on going out to the stable to see if his horse had been properly provided for, he concluded that the animal had not been watered. Addressing the black hostler, he said:

"Have you watered my horse, this morning?"

"Yes, Massa, I hab, dat."

"You lie!" said the horse, with more abruptness than politeness.

"De good Lord, Massa, what am dat?" exclaimed the astonished negro, as he tumbled out of the stall.

"You didn't water me," continued the horse, quietly, "and you didn't water the horse in the next stall either."

The negro, who was pious, when scared, fell on his knees, in the attitude of prayer; but another negro, near by, fell down and rolled upon the floor, so overcome was he with laughter at the comical appearance of his frightened colored friend, at the same time crying out—

"You coched dis time, Ben, I golly! you know you didn't water dem ar hosses—and now de hoss done tole on you! You better go right straight and water 'em afore de hoss tell some more on you."

But not for love or money could the hostler be persuaded to approach the talking horse again, and the laughing darkey had to water them himself.

The magician mounted his horse and left the hostler sitting in the stable, scratching his woolly pate with an air of puzzled mystery, and muttering something about "half hoss, half man."

HERR ALEXANDER,

THE MAGICIAN AND VENTRILOQUIST,

IS COMING!!

And will perform at the

MARKET HALL,

On Thursday Evening, September 15.

Doors open at 7 o'clock.

Performance will commence at 8 o'clock.

Tickets 25 cents.

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Servant Wanted!!

ANY one having a good Servant Woman to hire, can hear of a situation, on application to the Office.

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